MY MOTHER.

BY MAIZIE.

I stand beside my mother's couch
And look on her face so fair—
Upon the calm but care-worn brow—
The waves of snow-white hair.

I think, as I watch her sleeping
With her smile so sweet and rare,
Of the happy days of her childhood
Ere her life had known no care—

When her heart first knew love's dreaming
And the world was radiant with light;
When those silver locks waved golden
Upon this brow so white.

Dearest mother, in your dreaming,
Does your heart ever know regret
For those days of love and pleasure—
Days you never can forget?

Does there never come, dear mother,
Through the dreary toil of day,
Visions sweet of one who loved you
When your heart was warm and gay?

Do your thoughts o'er wander backward
Through sad memory's grassy lane?
Do you ever forget the present
And live o'er those days again?

Ah! methinks, my faithful mother,
In your heart there is a grave;
And over it affection's willows
Evermore shall sadly wave.

Gentle mother, bear your burden;
We'll help in silence, o'er your loss;
And remember God's sweet motto—
"There's no crown without a cross."

Terror Number One.

Every day the bull trains, mule teams, and stages roll into the Black Hills with their loads of "fresh fish," as the veterans call the new arrivals from the East. These "fresh fish" rush for hotels, boarding-houses and saloons, get a meal or a lunch, and are presently seen walking up and down the streets of the frontier city or collecting on the corners to hear the latest news from the diggings and the prospects of striking a job.

The other day, when a wagon load of bull-heads was dumped out in Custer City, as wagon loads had been dumped out every day before since grass started, the first man to welcome them to the infant city was a chap five feet high, and weighing accordingly. There was a blood-stain on his left cheek, a scar on his right, and he had fierce eyes, a voice like a roaring lion, and a bad limp in one of his legs. He was whittling out a ten-pin with a big bowie-knife as the wagon drove up, and pushing the knife down the back of his neck he lifted up a Henry rifle, ran his eye over the crowd, and called out in an awful voice:

"Is there anybody in that crowd looking for Terror No. 1? Kase if there is, here I am; and I'm just aching to be shot full of bullets weighing about a pound apiece!"

No one was looking for him. Some looked at him, and some looked across the street on purpose not to see him, while there was a uniform movement toward hip pockets.

"I didn't know but that some of you might have come out here from New York or Boston to plant me under the sweet jessamine or the climbing morning glory," chuckled the terror, as he rested the butt of his rifle on the ground and fisted up a six-shooter from his bootleg.

There were men from New York and Boston in the party, but they didn't want to bury anybody just then.

"I don't own this town," continued the Terror, as he laid his infant armory across the head of a barrel. "I don't own a foot of ground or a share in any of the public buildings erected at the expense of taxpayers, but when I stand on Washington square and utter one yell this whole town quakes. I'm Terror No. 1. There's one or two other Terrors around here, but I'm the boss—I'm the rag'ar death's head and cross bones of the Black Hills region!"

Before he had ceased speaking most of the new comers had disappeared, some looking pale and anxious, and others feeling shivers race up and down their backs.

An hour later, when a party of five strangers from New England were making the acquaintance of the infernal beverages on sale in one of the shanty saloons, and at the same time pumping the proprietor about prospects, in walked the Terror. He looked as fierce as a catamount cheated out of her dessert, and there was an awful growl in his voice as he called out:

"Five o'clock by Omaha time, and I haven't killed or been killed this whole day long! Turn loose your pet grizzlies, unhitch your whirlwinds, and let a dozen wild lions come for me at once!"

"Take something to drink, my good friend," mildly replied the saloonist. "You are always welcome here, but you don't drop in half often enough. Don't be afraid to pour out all you want."

"To tell the honest truth, Steve," said the Terror, as he poured out nearly half a pint of the meanest whisky ever made, "I came in here to kill some one; but you are a white man clear down to your toe nails, and I won't raise no row. That's good whisky, that is, and if you want any one in Custer City put under ground, just give me his name. Can you think of any one?"

The saloon keeper reflected for a moment, as he slowly wiped off his bar with an old calico apron, and finally he replied:

"No; I don't think of any one just now, but something will probably turn up in a day or two. Any time you feel thirsty come in and help yourself."

One of the five men had formerly been a moulder in a Troy stove foundry, and he had been closely watching the Terror. All of a sudden he held out his hand for a shake, cheerfully observing:

"I'll bet one hundred to one that we used to work, board and room together."

The Terror reached out his hand, closely scanned the moulder's face, and after a moment he said to the whole five:

"Gentlemen, come out doors and take seats on the bench. I begin to know this man, and I don't want to answer any questions in here."

"Well, but I am surprised to find you out here and rigged up in this style," remarked the moulder as the men found seats.

"So you may be," slowly replied the Terror. "When I worked in Troy there wasn't a man or boy about the shop who couldn't make me eat dirt. I was one of the biggest cowards east of Chicago, and now I'm one of the biggest west of that town. I own right up, because I know you won't go back on me. I might fight if I was cornered, but if there was a chance to run or crawl out I wouldn't strike a blow."

"But you talk very brave," said one.

"And it's all talk," replied the Terror, as he picked his teeth with his bowie knife. "I floated out here from Chicago, poor as a rat, and the biggest coward in the whole train. If luck hadn't favored me I should have been under the sod long ago. I've got an awful voice, and I can look as ugly as a bear in a trap; but somehow or other the story got afloat that I killed two men in Chicago, was rescued from the jail by a mob, and that I had come out here to escape justice. Men grew afraid of me, and I soon got the cue. I determined to become a Terror in order to make an honest living, and I've got the thing right down fine."

"Are you not a fighter and a shooter and slasher?"

"Gentlemen, it's kind o' mean for a man to run his own character down, but to be honest about it, I don't suppose there is a man in Custer City who couldn't wollop me inside of fifteen minutes by the watch. I go around simply to make a show. If that saloon keeper had reached out for me you'd have seen me dig out mighty lively. But these weapons, the name I've got, and my anxious look for gore frightened him half to death."

"Yes, everybody seems afraid of you," observed the man from Troy.

"Afraid? I guess they are! When I walk into a place everybody begins to quake and shiver, though I have never drawn blood in this town. There comes the chap who acts as Marshal, Sheriff, Chief of Police, or whatever you may call him. He's six feet high and weighs over two hundred pounds, and yet see how I can bluff him."

The official referred to was coming up the street at a leisurely gait, and when he came along opposite the group the Terror leaped out with a wild yell and shouted:

"Looking for me, are you? Want to see me bad, do you?"

"For God's sake! don't raise a row with me!" exclaimed the Sheriff as he looked around for cover. "I don't want you, you don't want me!"

"You see how it works," continued the little man as the official moved on. "That man could make my heels break my neck, and yet he is afraid of me. Here are some grizzly bear claws which I bought in Omaha for two dollars. Everybody around here thinks I pulled the beast out of a hole in the hill, held him by the ears with one hand, and cut these claws off with the other. There are twenty notches in the stock of this rifle. These folks around here have got an idea that I have killed twenty men in rows or fair fights, but I never even shot at one."

There was a period of silence, and then the Terror continued:

"There's money in it, and it's rather pleasant to be top of the heap, but this thing can't last long. Some day before long I shall light down on the wrong man and he'll dress me down and drive me to the hills. I hope you boys will have lots of luck. I've been square and honest with you, and now don't give me away."

At that moment three men on horseback came down the street, and the Terror jumped out with a screech and shouted:

"Here's the holyhock you are looking for. Here's the modest violet who wants to be carved up and fed to the wolves!"

They weren't looking for him, and they got away on a gallop. The party from the East went out among the diggings and were absent a whole week. When they returned to Custer City, they inquired for the Terror, and a hotel keeper replied:

"Yes; they did use to call him the Terror, I believe, but they didn't know him. He was whooping around here in his usual awful style three or four days ago, swearing that he must kill somebody, when a tinsmith from Dayton, Ohio, took his rifle and bowie knife away, spit tobacco juice on his hat, and then kicked him the whole length of this street. The Terror was an awful coward, gentlemen—a regular rag-baby under the bed, and he'll never be seen in Custer again."

A Shadow that Would Not Out.

When, in the early days of July, John Abbott was brought from the steaming depths of the Union, his head crushed by a falling wallplate, he was laid on the floor of the office and medical aid summoned to minister to his wants, although it was plain that he must die.

Next morning Superintendent Rooney noticed where the dying man had been placed that his outline lay like a shadow on the floor. He ordered the janitor to clean the boards which was done. Before Rooney went to dinner the shadow reappeared. He ordered the floor thoroughly scrubbed and went to his family.

The next morning the floor showed that a vigorous application of soap and brush had been made and the floor was white and clean. But during the day that shadow returned and at night there it lay as though the man was still waiting death on that floor.

Next day Rooney ordered the floor painted. With the coming of the paint pot the shadow vanished, but after a day or two returned and once more limned itself on that office floor. Rooney then again sent for the painter and had a second and a heavy coat of paint put on, not only where the shadow lay but over the entire floor.

This was his last command of "Out, damned spot;" but it would not out. In a few days there it was again, and with each day it grew more and more distinct. Even strangers at length began to notice it and to comment on its resemblance to human form.

Its presence at length became intolerable and Rooney had all the boards of the floor on which this heavy and terrible shadow rested taken out and replaced with new. The paint brush then followed, and now that outlined figure from the floor has disappeared.—*Gold Hill News.*

How She Kept an Expense Account.

"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice about economizing, and keeping a right rigid account of expenses and all that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped on my way home, Saturday night, and I bought just the gayest little Russia-leather, cream-laid paper account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match it. I said to my wife, after supper: 'My dear, it seems to me that it costs us a lot of money to keep house.'

"She sighed and said: 'I know it does, Lavvy, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much money for candy as you do for cigars.'

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spend we could tell just where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money, and you can set it down on one side, and then, during the week, you can set down on the other side everything you spend; and then, on Saturday night, we can go over it and see just where the money goes, and how we can boil things down a little.'

"Well, sir, she was just delighted—thought it was a first rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely. Well, the next Saturday night we got through supper, and she brought out the account book as proud as possible, and handed it over for inspection. On one side was, 'Received from Lavvy $20.' That was all right. Then I looked on the other page, and what do you think was there? 'Spent it all!' Then I laughed, and, of course, we gave up the account book on the spot, by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you."

Hot Weather Sympathy.

It is a minister. He is quite preached out. He wants a rest this hot weather. Let us send him to the Adirondacks, to the White Mountains, to Europe. Good. We will. Close the church. Stop preaching. Let him go and cool off. Farewell!

It is the rest of us. We are quite fagged out. It is hot weather. We want a rest. We want to go to the Adirondacks, to the White Mountains. Will somebody send us? All in the affirmative say "Aye." Negative, "No."

"No! No!! No!!!

The noes have it.

It is a judge. Salary, $10,000. Poor man. He's quite overworked. Sat on his bench thirty days last year. Isn't it sad? How unmercifully the public do work their paid servants. Send him off? Of course. Let him cool off.

All in the affirmative say "Aye."

"Aye! Aye!! Aye!!!"

It is a salesman or a woman in a store. Such people work fifteen hours a day. Give them a rest? Send them to the Adirondacks, to the White Mountains, to Europe?

No. Can't think of it. Business is business. Sympathy depends on the amount of salary a person gets.

All in favor of the fifteen-hour worked clerk going for ten weeks to fish with the Rev. Mr. ——, say "Aye."

Contrary minded?

"No! No!! No!!!"

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door. Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe; is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you want to see him personally?" "Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "and very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who hall I say called?" He never smiled again. This was too cruel.

The Wife's Letters.

On a hot day in July, 1850, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a ranch farther north, near Helena, Texas; and, while passing down the banks of a stream, other cattle that were grazing in the valley became mixed with his herd, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of mounted "rangers" overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said had been stolen. It was before the day of law and court houses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to "cut it short." He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases. The poor fellow was completely overcome. The Texans consulted apart for a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanations to make, or business matters to attend to, they would allow him ten minutes time. He turned to the rough faces and commenced:

"How many of you have wives?"

Two or three nodded.

"How many of you have children?"

They nodded again.

"Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me;" and he continued:

"I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts about three years. I came from New Hampshire. I failed in the fall of 1847, during the panic. I have been saving. I have no home here; my family remain in the East, and I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country. Days seem like months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for the letters from home (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife) I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letter of acknowledgment. I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is my little girl's picture." He kissed it tenderly, and continued:

"Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; them letters and that picture did the business. You can go free, but you're lucky, mind ye!"

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, and carrying the customary revolvers and bowie knive in his belt; "Let s bury the cattle, and let him go home!"

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, and the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome.

An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest staging route, and as the rangers shook hands and bade him good-bye, they looked the happiest band of men in all Texas.

The Theory of Daltonism.

The dischromic theory renders it easy to state what the sensations of color-blindness are, although it is not easy for a normal-eyed person to imagine the appearance and impressions—so utterly strange to him—which they lead to. The color-blind person has only two sensations of color. One of them is excited most strongly by rays which the world call yellow, the other by rays which the world call blue; and hence all color-blind persons concur in giving these names respectively to their two visible colors. But their power of vision do not end here; they receive a vast number of sensations differing materially from pure yellow and pure blue, and which give great variety to their impressions of material objects. In the first place, they have great varieties in the intensity or degree of saturation of the two colors themselves. In some cases the yellow is intense and full, as if the buttercup or the pigment chromo yellow, at other times it is weak and pale as in the primrose. And similarly in some cases the blue is very full and intense, as the color of the sky. But further, independently of these two colors, they have a white and a black prominent and as distinct to them as the normal-eyed. Whether the sensations correspond in the two cases is a matter of controversy; but this much is certain—namely, that all objects which convey to the normal-eyed sensations of white and black, also convey to the color-blind person his sensations of white and black, for which reason he is perfectly justified in using, for such sensations, the same terms. Further, the color-blind person is quite incapable of appreciating the immense varieties of shade caused by the mixture of white and black in different proportions, forming an almost infinite series of shades of gray. Then, lastly, all these varieties of gray may be combined with the various intensities of either of their two colors, forming different nuances of them, and so, still further, vastly increasing the varieties of sensation.—*Contemporary Review.*

Oatmeal as an Article of Diet.

It is surprising how enormously the consumption of oatmeal has increased in our cities within the past few years; but we suspect that its merits as a cheap and highly nutritious food are not so generally appreciated in the country. Every one knows how generally it is eaten in Scotland, and in some parts of England it is equally popular as an article of diet. A correspondent of an English exchange says: In West Cumberland, Westmoreland and North Lancashire, especially in the rural parts, it forms the staple of our food, not only amongst the laboring classes, but also in the families of tradesmen and the well-to-do; the children of most of them have porridge at least once a day. For the past forty years I have made my breakfast of a pint of oatmeal porridge, with very rare exceptions, and and nothing else, fasting for hours afterward. If, however, I take any other form of breakfast, I find myself very hungry before the next meal, which is never the case when I have had my porridge. I feel assured that if the laborers of the southern counties, with their children, would but take a basin of oatmeal and mild porridge night and morning, with such other food as they can procure in the interval, we should have a much stronger and healthier race of men and women than now exist. A few years ago I had a Devonshire girl living with me as a servant. The girl was willing enough to work, but had not the stamina to perform it. This, I found, on questioning her, arose from the deficient and ill-advised diet on which she had been reared. She shortly began to take her porridge night and morning, and this, with a daily mid-day meal of meat, enabled her to perform her duties with ease.

GRATITUDE OF ELEPHANTS.—A story comes from Tenbury, England, where a menagerie has been paying a visit, which illustrates the well known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the animals was a fine female elephant, called Lizzie, which was attacked with a violent fit of colic and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, treated Lizzie and saved the animal's life. On the procession passing the chemists' shop on Friday, the elephant immediately recognized her benefactor, who was standing at the door of his shop, and on going to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but Lizzie had no such intention, and after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task. That elephant seems to possess a holier sense of gratitude than some people do.

Bible Names in England.

If we look over the pages of the directories of West Yorkshire and East Lancashire, and strike out the surnames, we could imagine we were consulting anciently inscribed registers of Joppa or Jericho. It would seem as if Canaan and the West Riding had got inextricably mixed.

What a spectacle meets our eye! Within the limit of ten leaves we have three Pharaohs, while as many Hephzibahs are to be found on one single page. Adah and Zillah Pickles, sisters, are milliners. Jehoiada Rhodes makes saws—not Solomon's sort—and Hariph Crawshaw keeps a farm. Vashni, from somewhere in the Chronicles, page is rescued from oblivion by Vashni Wilkinson, coal merchant, who goes to Barzillai Williamson, on the same page, for his joints, Barzillai being a butcher. Jachin, known to but few as situated in the Book of Kings, is in the person of Jachin Firth, a beer retailer, familiar to all his neighbors. Heber Holdsworth on one page is faced by Er Illingworth on the other. Asa and Joab are extremely popular, while Abner, Adna, Ashael, Erastus, Eunice, Benaiah, Aquila, Elihu and Philemon enjoy a fair amount of patronage. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, having been rescued from Chaldean fire, have been deluged with baptismal water. I have lighted upon name after name that I did not know existed in the Bible at all till I looked into the Lancashire and Yorkshire directories.

The Bible has decided the nomenclature of the North of England. In towns like Oldham, Bolton, Ashton and Blackburn, the clergyman's baptismal register is but a record of Bible names. A clerical friend of mine christened twins Cain and Abel, only the other day, much against his own wishes. Another person on the Derbyshire border was gravely informed, at the proper moment, that the name of baptism was Ramoth-Gilead. "Boy or girl, eh?" he asked, in a somewhat agitated voice. The parents had opened the Bible haphazard, according to the village tradition, and selected the first name the eye fell on.

It was but a year ago a little child was christened Tellno in a town within six miles of Manchester, at the suggestion of a cotton-spinner, the father, a workman of the name of Lees, having asked his advice. "I suppose it would be a Scripture name," said his master. "Oh, yes, that's of course." "Suppose you choose Tellno," said his employer. "That'll do," replied the other, who had never heard it before, and liked it the better on that account. The child is now Tell-no Lees ("Lees" being the Lancashire way of pronouncing "Lies") the father, too late, finding that he had been hoaxed. "Sirs," was the answer given to a bewildered curate, after the usual demand to name the child. He objected, but was informed that it was a Scripture name, and the verse "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" was triumphantly appealed to. This reminds one of the Puritan who styled his dog "Moreover," after the dog in the Gospel: "Moreover the dog came and licked his sores."

There is, again, a story of a clergyman making the customary demand as to the name from a knot of women round the font. "Ax her," said one. Turning to the woman who appeared to be indicated, he again asked, "What name?" "Ax her," she replied. The third woman, being questioned, gave the same reply. At last he discovered the name to be the Scriptural Achsah, Caleb's daughter—a name, by the way, somewhat popular with our forefathers.—*Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SYSTEM.—Robert Raikes' biographer, Alfred Gregory, states that the Sunday school system, of which he was the founder, may be said to have originated in the Gloucester jails, one of which consisted of apart of Gloucester castle, a portion built in the reign of William the Conqueror. Long before John Howard began his work for the improvement of prisons, Raikes had been laboring among the inmates of the castle, the condition of which was most wretched, and had been accustomed there to teach gospel truths. These philanthropic labors led directly, Mr. Gregory says, to the Sunday school work. He gives a letter from Raikes in which Raikes remarks that the utility of the Sunday school work was first suggested to him "by a group of miserable little wretches whom I observed one day in the streets where many people employed in the pin manufactory reside." He was told that if he were to pass through that street on a Sunday it would shock him indeed "to see the crowds of children who were spending that sacred day in noise and riot, to the extreme annoyance of all decent people." He immediately determined to make some little effort to remedy the evil. "Having found four persons," he says, "who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after 10 in the morning and stay till 12, they were then to go home and return at 1, and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism until half after 5, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without making a noise, and by no means to play in the streets." The first school was opened at Gloucester in July 1780

A Quarter-Deck Chat.

"I must tell you," said a skipper, as he took a fresh cigar, "about Stiles, a shipmate of mine on one of my early voyages. Stiles was a simple-hearted, transparent young fellow, and, when we sailed, had been 'payin' attention' to a young lady, whom he had reason to think did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting on her side was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a standby, in default of a better offer.

'I don't believe,' Stiles would say with a despondent shake of his head, 'I don't believe Ann Jones'll have me anyhow.'

"When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles' tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed to—"Well, I don'no but what Ann Jones 'll have me after all.'

"With a thousand barrels under hatches, he became still more hopeful. 'Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones,' he would say. 'Pretty good now.'

"At fifteen hundred barrels, he had assumed a self-satisfied manner, and thus soliloquized, 'I guess there's no danger but what Ann Jones 'll have me now.'

"At two thousand barrels—'Ann Jones 'll be glad enough to get me now, I know.'

"When we cut the last whale that was to fill the Rose, and squared away for home, Stiles threw his hat in the air, with a yell of triumph—'I'll be blowed if I'll have Ann Jones, anyhow!'

"And he didn't."

THE STOVEPIPE HAT.—The stovepipe hat is the great, the sovereign symbol of modern sociology. It is clumsy, ugly, uncomfortable; you can neither sit on it, nor use it as a pillow, nor depend upon it as a helmet; it will spoil in rain or snow, and it is powerless to preserve you from sunstroke. And yet life, as we live it, is at best a struggle for the stovepipe. For the right of wearing it one day in the week, the honest poor man sweats from dawn to dusk, and is encouraged thereto by his helpmeet. To achieve this, the indomitable energy that comes to the city with a half-dollar in its pocket sets seriously to work, and drudges at its desk ten hours out of the twenty-four. The prince countenances it, the peer can afford to daily with it, the poet is in secret its worshiper; to the common merchant it is a diadem; the artisan is for the nonce ennobled with it, the school boy dreams of it, the peasant aspires to it. Symbolically, it is the solar center of the social universe.

He told me that he now was regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said, "writing wrappers at three dollars a week."

A Rough Translation.

A young lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague," in which the listener can readily distinguish the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder shower which disturbed the sylvan revellers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple minded youth, and although he is not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of the forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he, "There is always some darned fellow that oversleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like," she said as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn or the bunghole of a beer keg."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went for the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes), and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverbations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then turning to the awe struck youth, she said:

"I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with the linen pants said when he sat down on the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.—*Galveston News.*

A Tribute to Woman.

The following beautiful tribute to woman was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest entitled "Broken Heart"—its author Dr. F. J. Stratton:

Oh, the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold can not purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honor confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care gathering thick around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it fellows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is sedt to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain and her words of kind encouragement survive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

GOULD'S START IN LIFE.—The millionaire started as a self-made surveyor. He put his few rude instruments in a wheelbarrow, and trundled it from point to point, very much as Fisk peddled about the country in a wagon. One of the best maps of Delaware county has on the margin, "Surveyed by Jay Gould." He had quite a nack for trading, was very sharp as a cattle dealer, and one time he got a lesson that lasted for a life. A farmer had a herd of cattle, and Jay went to look at them. In the midst of the bartering a woman appeared who had a talk with the old farmer, and Jay catching a word or two, heard her imploring him not to sell her cow. "I shall die if you do," she cried. "What's the matter with that woman?" asked Gould in his quiet way. "Oh, nothing; she's afraid I am going to sell her favorite cow, old Pailful." Gould thought he had found a prize. He demanded that the cow be brought out, and insisted when he saw her that she must go with the lot. The cattle were driven home, and Jay's father sent him to see what kind of a milker old Pailful was. Jay had hardly seated himself before the cow kicked him, pail and stool sky high, tore around the pasture, leaped the fence, and started toward home. Jay has never bought anything from that day to this that a woman wanted to keep.

SOUTH AMERICAN GLACIERS.—By letters recently received in England from Mr. Whymper, we learn that his last ascents in Ecuador have been those of Cayambe, Saraurcu and Cotocachi. He has found very extensive glaciers on all these mountains, besides having previously discovered others on Chimborazo, Sincholagua, Antisana, Cotopaxi, Illiniza, Barahuairazo and Quilindaña. How little is at present known of the Andes of Ecuador may be judged from the fact that in the edition of "Encyclopædia Britannica" now appearing, in the article on Ecuador it is stated that the crater of the mountain Altar is remarkable as containing "the bed of the only real glacier known to exist in the Ecuadorian Andes." Mr. Whymper says that there are no glaciers upon Corazon, Imbabura, or Pinchincha, but that among those upon the mountains which we have enumerated above there are many glaciers which are as large as the largest Alpine ones, and that the upper 4,000 feet of Cayambe, Antisana and Chimborazo are almost completely enveloped by them.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

THE RIGHT KIND OF PRIDE.—The Gibon (New York) *Monitor* makes the following sensible remarks for the benefit of young people who are working their way. A young man "that works for his board," no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much he has, is disgraced. All men starting in life ought to aim, first of all to find a place where they can earn their bread and butter, with hoe, axe, spade, wheelbarrow, curry comb, blacking brush—no matter how. Independence first. The bread and butter settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eye open for a chance to do better. About half the poor, proud young men, and two-thirds of the poor discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries a stiff upper-lip, need not starve, and he stands a chance to become rich, if he cares to.

They Would Live in a Star.

Burdette tells about his trip on the sound, on the way to Nantucket. Says he: It is summer time; and the stars, the eternal, changeless, beautiful stars. Just sit down a minute and let me tell you about those stars. Very near us sat two young people. They sat up and looked at the stars, and they didn't care for any solitary thing, any nearer to this earth. "Mortimer," she murmured softly, "Mortimer"—his name appeared to be Mortimer, though I couldn't learn whether it was his front name or his after name—"Mortimer dear," she said, "if we could only live apart from this busy and sordid, unsympathetic world, in one of yon glittering orbs of golden radiance, living apart from all else, only for each other, forgetting the base things of earthly life, the coarse greed of the world and its animal instincts, that would be our heaven, would it not, dear?"

And Mortimer he said that it would. "There, heart of my own," he said, and his voice trembled with earnestness, "my own darling Ethel, through all the soft radiance of the day and all the shimmering tenderness of night, our lives would pass away in an exalted atmosphere, above the base-born wants of earthly mortals, and far beyond the chattering crowd that lives but for today, our lives refined beyond the common ken——"

And just then the man with the gong came out. Mortimer, he made a grab at the back of Ethel's hand and plunged for the cabin door. Down the stairs they rushed, collared a couple of chairs at the nearest table, fed a waiter and opened the action without skirmishing. I am a man of coarse mold and an earthborn appetite myself, and I wouldn't live in a star so long as I could find a good hotel in America, but long, long before I could get seats at the table for my family, Mortimer and Ethel had eaten two blue fish, a little rare beefsteak, some corn bread, a plate of hot cakes, two boiled eggs and a bunch of onions, and the waiter had gone out to toast them some cheese.

I have, during my wanderings, met several people who wanted to live in a star, where earth born people with animal appetites couldn't trouble them, and I always found the safest place for an earth born man, when the star born soul started for the dinner table, was behind a large rock. Distrust the aspiring mortal who lives in a plain so elevated that he requires the use of a telescope when he wants to look down at the rest of us. And if he ever wants board at your humble table charge him $15 a week and feed him lots of soup, or you'll lose money on him.

Lady Smokers.

That a great many ladies in New York City indulge in the fragrant cigarette is an open secret. Indeed, the custom has become so universal that it can hardly be called a secret at all.

It used to be very common for girls, when a party of them met in some quiet place, where there were no men, to take a few puffs at a cigarette for the sake of the forbidden fruit sensation. But now they are more bold about it, and I will venture to say that the majority of New York girls smoke cigarettes. A number of gentlemen have told me that their wives would take a cigarette after dinner when they took their cigar, and they approved of the custom. I knew one lady, one of the highest born in the land, who was an inveterate smoker until forbidden by her physician.

Spanish, Russian and Polish ladies smoke, almost as much as the men, and no one thinks the worse of them for it. I should not like to see ladies smoke cigars or pipes, but I see no impropriety in an occasional cigarette. There is a great difference in the way they are smoked. I have seen some women smoke a cigrrette so daintily that it was a beautiful sight to watch the delicate smoke curling up from their rosy lips, while others puff away in such a masculine manner that one becomes thoroughly disgusted. I have been at a number of dinner parties where cigarettes were passed around to the ladies when cigars were brought to the gentlemen. I am talking about the best people now, not Bohemians.

If the waiters of Delmonico's or the Brunswick would tell you, you would be surprised at the number of private parties where cigarettes are smoked by ladies. If you ask a lady plump out whether she smokes, she will evade the question until she has sounded your opinions, and if they are favorable, she will generally confess in the affirmative. I have heard some people say that they would rather see a woman drink than smoke; that they thought the latter more masculine. I do not think so, and the effects of a cigarette are certainly more innocent than of champagne or whisky.—*Boston Courier.*

POPULAR IDEAS OF THE CROSS.—In the west of England there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. The nails used at the crucifixion, said to have been found by Helena, are reported to have worked many miracles. One of them was thrown by her into the Adriatic during a storm, and produced a perfect calm. Another, placed in the crown or helm of Constantine, was found in a mutilated state in the church of Santa Croce. The third is said to be in the possession of the Duemo of Milan, while that of Treves claims the fourth. In the time of Charlemange a new relic was discovered in the shape of a sponge soaked in the blood of Christ. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane," because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its petals. "Christ's thorn" is a very common plant in Palestine. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it. These are the popular ideas of the material of the cross, some of which will, perhaps, never be entirely obliterated until the last great day, when "all things shall be made plain."

HOW THE PIUTES PUNISH THE UNFAITHFUL.—From a party just in from Prospect mountain we learn that one week ago last Saturday, late at night, there was a terrible din in the vicinity of the Idaho mine, occasioned by whooping, yelling, daring savages. Mr. Thomas, foreman at the Idaho, concluded it was a fandango, as did others who heard the racket and saw the flames. The other day Mr. Thomas happened to pass the spot where the remnants of the fire were still smoking and fragments of the barbecue were scattered around. A close inspection showed that the fire had been built to wipe out a squaw. The skull, fragments of bones and a brass finger-ring were picked up. M. H. Joseph now has the ring, a cheap affair, such as is often worn by the squaws about these parts. It is smoked up and bears the evidence of having been subjected to great heat. It is getting to be a serious matter for dusky maidens in these parts to flirt with white trash, and the Shoshone lords propose to squelch that business as in days gone by—by cremating them on the spot.—[Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

QUEEN MARGARET AT NAPLES.—Queen Margaret is in Naples at the palace of Capodimonte, and a story is related of her which explains the secret of her popularity among the people. A favorite eatable with the Neapolitans is the pizza, a sort of cake beaten flat in a round form, and seasoned with various condiments. The Queen sent for a pizzainolo, who is famous for his skill in making these cakes, and she said "she wanted to eat like the poor people." The man went to the palace, was received, and having shown a list of thirty-five varieties of pizza, was sent to the royal kitchen to make the kind which the Queen had selected. He made eight, which were the ideals of their kind, and the little Prince and his mother found them excellent, but to eat as the poor people in Naples eat—that is often not all, and is more than could be expected. But she has visited the poor quarter of Naples, and sympathizes with the misery she sees there.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Dairy fair—The milkmaid.

The ulster covers a multitude of shins.

Unsubstantial fruit—Currents of air.

Bread upon the waters—Mosquitoes.

The lawyer's favorite pudding—Suet.

With lovers every day is a read letter day.

The summer resorts are now in full blast.

Be easy on ice-water and it will be easy on you.

Speech is silver, silence is golden, and cheek is brass.

New York City's valuation is $1,143,764,727, an increase in a year of almost $50,000,000.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine; it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

The reason men succeed who "mind their own business," is because there is so little competition.

A New York exchange says the man who hanged himself died of his own free will and accord.

This is the latest of wedding invitations—"Come round and see us capture a mother-in-law, at 8 o'clock sharp."

When a lawyer goes in to bathe he is usually non-suited.—*Ex.*